VOL. 3. NOVEMBER, 1899. NO. 1.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

PRICE 10 CTS 1.00 A YEAR

PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO, BOSTON AND SALEM

AN AGENT wanted in every City and Town in the United States.

LITTLE FOLKS .. 1900

FOR YOUNGEST READERS. LITTLE LISTENERS. LOOKERS AT PICTURES.

Edited by CHARLES STUART PRATT and ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

The contributors include the best writers for little children and the best illustrators of child-life.

THIRD VOLUME BEGINS NOV., 1899. PRICE, $1.00 A YEAR.

THERE will be only one serial the coming year, but that will be a long one, running through the entire twelve numbers. All the children who have been clamoring for the past six months to hear more about Billy Boy Brown and Bee Brown, will be delighted to know that Billy Boy and Bee and other Pekoe people are in the new story. The hero, however, is not a boy, but the fascinating little beast who gives the serial its title:

The Yellow-Capped Monkey.

The happenings are very odd and very funny indeed and altogether it is the most charming story Sophie Swett has written for children. Mr. Merrill, who made the excellent pictures for "Billy Boy Brown," will make the pictures for the Yellow-Capped Monkey.

Not quite as long as serials, but as good, will be ***Six Two-Part Tales.*** The first of these by Miss A. L Lyman, in the Nov. and Dec. numbers, is a fairy story of

The Strange Adventure of Mazie.

Mr. Bridgman has made six curious and amusing pictures for this story. It will be followed by

Two Dogs that Went to School,

in which Alix Thorn and Annie Lewis Pinfold will tell about the school-days of "Rover," a little curly spaniel, and of "Nero," a very large Newfoundland.

Squirlie's Ride on the River,

A story for the babies, by A. W. Brett; about a little Squirrel, a sailing chip, and a bumping fish.

At the Big White Salmon Saw-Mill,

by Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell; the story of four little mountain children and a doll who started all by themselves to move to Alaska.

Three Boys and Their Dogs,

By James Buckham; about three boys with a dog apiece and the jolly times of the six.

Great-grandmother's London Doll,

by Sarah E. Mulliken; how she brought over the fashions from England and became a Revolutionary patriot, and how she disappeared in 1776.

In addition to the two two-part dog stories, there will be four other dog stories, all true ones, for the little boys; and, ***in addition*** to the two-part doll story, there will be four other doll stories for the little girls, likewise all true.

The ***doll stories*** are all by Ray Laurence, about four darling dolls she had when she was little: I, "Lavinia Warren;" II, "Victoria;" III, "Eva St. Clair;" IV, "Dotty Dimple." You see they were all named for people Ray Laurence admired: the tiny dwarf woman Mr. Barnum had in his Tom Thumb show; the Queen of England; the lovely little girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and the little heroine of one of Sophie May's series of child-books.

The ***dog stories*** are these: I, "Judy, a Naughty Dog, by Helena Boll; II, "Billy's Big Friend," by Jeannette Scott Benton; III, "A Dog with a Conscience," by Rose Thorne; IV, "What Sir Squills found to Do," by L. E. Johnson.

Three Specials for Boys:

"A Circus School," by Ernest R. Holmes.
"Philip's Pearl Mine," by L. E. Johnson.
"A Platte River Voyage," by Ernest R. Holmes.

Three Specials for Girls:

"The Little Girl at Mt. Vernon," by Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

"The White Pigeon of Belvoir," by Ella F. Mosby.

"The Little Girl Lafayette Kissed," by Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

One important feature of the coming volume will be a series of a dozen beautiful out-door life stories of the Sunny South. They are by Miss Martha Young of Alabama, and are called

Two Little Southern Girls and Their Garden Plays.

During the year there will also be given three articles very interesting to everybody, about our most popular National Songs and their writers:

Dr. S. F. Smith and "America",

by Frances C. Sparhawk.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic,"

by Mrs. Howe's granddaughter, Rosalind Richards.

Francis Scott Key and "The Star Spangled Banner,"

by Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

The ***Rebus*** or ***Guessing Story***, this year, will be quite fresh and quite funny. The title of the twelve is

Jimmy Crow,

and the artist author is Miss Edith Francis Foster.

Surely the children will have a year of "good times" with their magazine for 1900. Subscribe early, and ask the other children to take ***Little Folks*** too.

P. S. Not a word has been said about the ***Christmas Number,*** for Christmas things should be a surprise—but it will be as full of delights as a Christmas stocking.

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THANKSGIVING PIES.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1899. NO. 1.

THANKSGIVING PIES.

WHEN Mama makes Thanksgiving pies
(And those for Christmas too),
She lets us 'joy it all we can;
And I and little Lou—
She lets us in the kitchen stay all day,
And never says we're any in the way.

Our Mama makes all kinds of pies
To have Thanksgiving Day,
For people have all of the kinds
That day; that is the way.
But *we* think mince of all is far the best,
'Cause we can help with that more than the rest.

She lets us stir the sugar in,
The hot gold butter too;
She always lays some raisins out
For me and little Lou;
She gives us both a pinch of every spice,
And asks us if it isn't very nice.

She cuts us bits of candied peel,
Rich pieces, dark and thick
And sugary, and never says
She fears 'twill make us sick;
And when she rolls the round crusts out,
Upon the mince we put the plums about.

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And we crimp down the puffy rims;
  Lou stamps a ring of O's
With Mama's thimble; but I make
  My rims funnier than those—
To mark my crusts I take the big door-key!
And Mama says that's suitable for me.

We watch with her to see them bake,
  And watch her take them out,
And skip before to the pantry door,
  And prance about and shout,
And stay long as we like and count the row,
And Mama doesn't mind, we 'joy it so!

E. F. P.

A LONESOME THANKSGIVING.—"I WISH MY CHILDREN COULD COME HOME!"

TEDDY'S GRANDMOTHER.

JAMIE'S GRANDMOTHER.

TEDDY had many of the nice things of this world, but there was something he did not have and which he knew he could not ever have. All of the other little boys and girls had one, or two, and poor Teddy felt very bad when he thought about it, for he thought that it must be the nicest of all things! You could never guess, though perhaps you have one yourself—it was a *Grandmother!*

Both of Teddy's Grandmothers had gone to heaven when he was a baby—it was one of his grandmothers who first called him "Teddy."

Jamie had a good sweet Grandmother and she would have him and Marjorie to come and stay with her; and then Teddy would be very lonesome and sad. He would say, "I *wish* I had a grandmother! If I *just* had a grandmother to go to see, and she would send me tea-cakes."

Jamie's Grandmother often sent Jamie and Marjorie tea-cakes, and maple-sugar and apples and other good things.

One day Teddy sat very still and looked thoughtful; then he leaned his face against his mother's cheek and said, "Mother, I don't believe I can *stand* it without a Grandmother!"

Teddy's mother patted his head. "I can hardly stand it myself, Teddy," she said; "because she was my mother, you know, dear."

Then Teddy patted his mother. After a while he said, "Mother, I asked Jamie if I might have part of his Grand-

mother, and he said I would have to ask her. So I want you to write to her for me."

Teddy's mother said she would, and she wrote just what Teddy told her to write:

"Dear 'Grandmother' Mallory:—

I know you are not my real Grandmother, but I haven't got any, and I wish you would please let me just *call* you 'Grandmother,' if you can stand it to have so many grandchildren. All of the boys have Grandmothers except me. Both of my Grandmothers are in heaven and I can't *stand* it any longer. I won't bother you a bit if you will just let me *call* you 'Grandmother.' I haven't any one to send me tea-cakes and maple-sugar. Sometimes Jamie gives me some of his.

Good-bye, Grandmother.

Your little boy, Teddy."

Teddy's letter was mailed at the Post Office, and the next day there was a package for "Master Teddy Warne."

Inside of the box were tea-cakes and maple-sugar and a letter from dear old Mrs. Mallory. This was the letter:

"My dear little boy:—

You cannot think how pleased I am to have another nice boy to love me and call me 'Grandmother.' One of my little grandsons is in heaven, and maybe God is going to let you take his place, and I will be glad to be your Grandmother here in the place of those Grandmothers in heaven who love you still. I want you and Jamie to come tomorrow to spend the day and night with me. Ask your Mama if you may.

Your loving Grandmother,

Janet Mallory."

The next day Jamie and Teddy rode on the old horse to Grandmother Mallory's. Jamie rode half of the way in the red saddle with Teddy behind, and Teddy rode the last half with Jamie behind, and they took their nightgowns to stay all night.

TO GRANDMOTHER MALLORY'S.

Mrs. Mallory kissed Teddy just as she kissed Jamie, and she let Teddy sit on one side of her at the table, and Jamie on the other. They played in the attic and waded in the "branch," and they climbed the trees, and nobody told them not to go in the flower garden, or to stop eating cherries, and they had honey for supper, and they handed back for chicken at breakfast, and Teddy said "Yes, Grandmother," every time. He was so proud and happy because he had a Grandmother at last.

And since then when Jamie goes, Teddy goes too, and when Jamie gets a box of tea-cakes and maple-sugar, Teddy gets one too. Teddy tells everybody that he has a Grandmother now, and adds, "She's not my real Grandmother, you know, but she lets me *call* her 'Grandmother,' because I couldn't *stand* it."

Ida J. Bane.

SAMMY and Jim, and Tommy and Tim,
Slept together, neat as a fiddle :
Two at the head, two at foot of the bed,
And their toes just touched in the middle.

MAZIE TRIPPED OVER, INTO THE GREEN PATH.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF MAZIE.

(*A Fairy Tale.*)

PART I. At the End of the Green Path.

"MOTHER," said a Little Girl one day, "I am going out to take a walk in the woods."

"Well," said the Little Girl's Mother, "do not go farther than the poplars by the brook."

Off Mazie started. The day was beautiful and sunny and it was lovely in the woods. Soon she reached the poplars.

Beyond the brook, though the woods were thicker and darker, she saw a little green path covered with soft moss, and pink flowers growing on either side. She wished she might take a little walk down that path, and that her Mother had not told her to go no further than the poplars. "I think I'll not mind her, just for this once," said she suddenly.

So she smilingly tripped over the big plank that lay across the brook, and ran into the green path, picking the pink flowers and having a fine time all by herself.

By and by she began to hunger for her dinner and thought she would go back; but when she turned around—the green path had vanished.

Mazie looked and looked, and walked about in and out among the trees, and on and on she went, but she could not find the green path again. She began to cry and wish she had not been so naughty. At last she was so very tired she could walk no longer, and laying herself down she fell fast asleep.

ONE OF THEM WAS SPREAD OVER HER HEAD.

When she woke up and looked about she thought she was in a different forest. The tops of the trees were so far above her they were entirely out of sight. Instead of all the little toad-stools she had seen before she went to sleep, there stood great big things like umbrellas and one of them was spread right over her head. Instead of the little Frog who had sat watching her cry—there sat a great big Frog, much bigger than herself.

When the Frog saw her looking at him in astonishment, he began to smile, and he said to her, "Do you know what has happened?"

WHEN SHE WAS READY HE GAVE A JUMP.

"No," said Mazie, "I don't."

"Well," said the Frog, "I saw it all. While you were asleep, by came a Fairy. She said to me, 'I m going to punish that child for being naughty;' and she gave a wave of her wand and you grew as small as a coffee-spoon. That is why everything seems so big to you. Now you are littler than I."

"Oh, dear Frog," said Mazie, "what shall I do?"

"Why, get home as quick as you can," said the Frog.

"But I have lost the way, and I am so little it would take years for me to walk so far."

"Get on my back," kindly said the Frog, "and I will carry you some of the way. But you must hold on tight, for you know I jump instead of walk, and I am slippery to sit on."

As Mazie was now no larger than a coffee-spoon she could easily sit on his back, and she took hold tight. When she was all ready he gave a jump and came down ca-plunk—then another jump and down ca-plunk. It nearly shook Mazie's breath out of her.

"Dear Frog," said Mazie, "you are very kind to carry me, but I think I cannot stand such riding, It makes me ill."

"Very well," said he. "You seat yourself upon this toad-stool, and the next animal who comes this way, you ask him to take you on his back."

Mazie had not waited a minute before by came a big brown Grasshopper.

"Will you carry me a short distance on your back?" said she.

"Certainly," answered the Grasshopper. "But get on quick, for I am in a great hurry."

She got on his back—she could, being now no larger than a

coffee-spoon. Hardly was she seated, than the Grasshopper gave a sudden leap right up into the air and didn't come down again until quite a distance off.

"Oh dear," said she, near crying with fear lest she should be jerked off, "I have often watched Grasshoppers hop, but I never thought they would be so exciting and dangerous to ride." But she held on, and he gave another leap, higher and further than the first, and so on.

When for a moment he stopped to rest, he said, "I have most wonderful legs for hopping. Are you not enjoying yourself?"

"Oh, thank you," said Mazie, "not so very much; but still I am glad to get further on my way home."

Before she had finished, off he was again. He was quite sudden and jerky in his motions, and he was so thin and bony he didn't make a very soft seat. Mazie tried to hold tight, but on one of his wild leaps she fell off. Down, down she fell. But she was not hurt at all for she landed on some very soft green velvety moss.

Just then, by came running a little Field-mouse.

"Oh, stop a minute," cried she, jumping up and going after him. "Oh, stop a minute, please!"

She had to follow and call again before she could make herself heard. She was all out of breath when she got up to the Mouse, yet she told him the best she could how anxious she was to reach home.

MICE RUN VERY SMOOTH.

"I can take you only part of the way," said the Mouse. "I have to go home to my little baby mice, but so far as my nest I can take you."

Mazie got on—she could, being no larger than a coffee-spoon—and away they went like a streak of lightning, for mice run very fast. They run very smooth too, which was

a great relief to Mazie after her painful rides upon the Frog and Grasshopper. But soon the Mouse stopped in front of a little hole under a tree, saying "Here is my house!"

Mazie thanked her for the ride and looked about for another animal going her way. Right in front of her she saw a river. It really was the little brook she had crossed, farther up, when she started. But now to her, a little thing no bigger than a coffee-spoon, it looked very deep, and really was over her head.

Just then she saw a Muskrat. He was swimming, and all under water except his head.

"Mr. Muskrat," she called, "will you take me over the river?"

He didn't answer, just swam right up to the shore and crawled out beside her. His head was the only dry place on him, so she scrambled up and sat there, holding on to each of his ears—she could, being no larger than a coffee-spoon. Then he sank into the water up to his head and began to swim. She was frightened, but held on tight and said nothing and soon they were across. She thanked him and climbed up the bank.

While she was thinking what she would do to get the rest of the way home, she heard a Bird, and went up to his bush.

"Oh, Mr. Bird," said Mazie, "if you will only carry me on your back to my home, I will be so happy!"

"All right," said the Bird, and Mazie mounted his soft feathery back and away he flew, up and up, into the sky—he could carry her easily as she was no larger than a coffee-spoon. The woods sank far below them, and away off in the distance Mazie could see her own home.

"Dear Bird, faster!" said she, "I want to be there so much!"

So the Bird flew faster, and soon they were above the house.

"Now fly a little lower, dear Bird," said Mazie.

The Bird sank down and down till he reached the roof of the house. Then lower still, and then, right in one of the open windows and alighted upon a book upon a little table. By this table Mazie's mother was sitting, her face covered with her hands and she was crying because her little girl was lost."

Mazie slipped off the Bird's back. Away he flew, out of the window again.

"Here I am, Mother," said she. "I'll never be a naughty child again." But her voice was so tiny, the Mother didn't hear; and as the Mother's face was covered with a handkerchief she didn't see the little creature standing on a book.

(To be continued.)

A. I. Lyman.

THE GRAND-BABY.

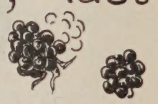
THE Grand-Baby came to his Grandpa's house,
A Grand-Baby fine was he;
He was fat and strong, and his eyes were bright,
And his squeal was full of glee.
But a noisy youth was that Grand-Baby,
And he "raised the roof," did he;
And when he left his Grandpa's house
Right glad was that family!

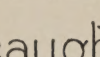
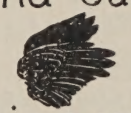
M. J. H.

JIMMY CROW.

I.

Jimmy Crow belongs to Jack.

Jack is a little . Jimmy is a big . Jack wears a white . Jimmy wears black . Jack says "Good Morning", and "Yes, sir," and "Thank you." Jimmy can say only "Caw, caw." Jack thinks Jimmy is a funnier pet than a or a . One day, last summer, Jack was picking low  in the pasture, when he saw a young hopping in the bushes. The little crow was lame in one . He had fallen from the . He was too young to fly far, so caught him. He carried him home in his berry- . Then Jack took a and and , and built a . He named his new pet "Jimmy Crow."

Jack took good care of Jimmy Crow. He caught  for him to eat, and gave him fresh water in a tin . Jimmy's lame leg soon got well. His grew big, and he could fly. When Jack called, Jimmy would fly to him and perch on his or . Jimmy Crow liked mischief. He liked to hide things and see people hunt for them. Once when Jack was getting ready for school, he could not find his . He hunted till Mama said he must put on his rubber and be off. One of those boots would not go on. There was something in the toe. held it up and shook it, and out fell — the top! flapped his  and cried "Caw, caw!" That was his way of laughing. Jack laughed too, as he took his and and hurried off.

Edith Francis Foster

"SHE SCOWLS AT THOSE SHE MEETS."

DOLLY DUMPS.

DOLLY Dumps has come to town,
Come to town, come to town!
She rides a black horse up and down,
Up and down the streets.
A frown clouds all her little face,
And she goes sighing through the place
And scowls at those she meets.

O Dolly Dumps, please go away!
We do not want you here to-day.

Lilla Thomas Elder.

"SHE GLADDENS THOSE SHE GREETS."

SALLY SMILES.

SALLY Smiles has come to town,
Come to town, come to town!
She rides a white horse up and down,
Up and down the streets.
A smile lights all her little face,
And she goes singing through the place
And gladdens those she greets.

O Sally Smiles, we beg you stay
Yes, yes, we want you here to-day.

Lilla Thomas Elder.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER I.—Billy Boy and Bee Go Shopping.

BILLY BOY BROWN was captain of a company that called itself the "Pekoe Guards."

There were larger boys than Billy Boy in the Company, larger and older. Bob Brown belonged to it, and Bob was almost thirteen. But every boy had voted to have Billy Boy for captain. And when the Company had raised money enough to buy a drum, which had been needed for a long time, it was voted that Billy Boy should buy the drum.

There were almost as many different opinions as there were boys about what kind of a drum it ought to be, so it was thought best to let Billy Boy decide. Billy Boy's uncle was a soldier, and Billy Boy had learned from him many things about managing a military company like the Pekoe Guards.

There was a large manufactory of toys in Gobang, a city that was just across the river from Pekoe, and Billy Boy was to go there to buy the drum. He felt that it was a good deal of business for a boy to do. He lay awake thinking of it for a long time the night before he went, and when he did fall asleep he dreamed that he had bought a very large football instead of a drum, and that while he was marching with his Company his own head suddenly turned into the football!

Billy Boy was far too brave a boy to be frightened by a dream, but still he did wish in the morning that his brother Bob could go with him to buy the drum. But it had been agreed that no other boy belonging to the Guards should go.

He thought, at first, that he wouldn't tell any one about that queer dream, but after a while he did tell his sister Beatrice.

Bee was only nine, almost two years younger than he, but she was a good deal of a girl. Even Bob said so, and Bob was very particular and didn't think so very much of girls anyway.

Bob said that Bee never would tell a thing when she said she wouldn't, and wasn't afraid of a mouse; that was why he thought she was a good deal of a girl.

Billy Boy was helping Bee feed her guinea hens, before

BILLY BOY WAS HELPING BEE FEED HER GUINEA HENS.

breakfast, that morning. Bee would overfeed her guinea chicks if Billy Boy didn't keep watch, and she gave Bevis, their old dog, pound cake, although it didn't agree with him. Still, perhaps Bob was right about Bee. Tell me what you think when you have read this story.

Billy Boy told Bee his dream. He said it was no wonder that a fellow did dream when he had so much on his mind. It was a pretty important thing to buy a drum—a drum that was to cost five dollars—for the Pekoe Guards!

Bee listened while two of her downiest little speckled chicks fed out of the spoon she held, and one might have supposed that she was thinking of nothing in the world but guinea chickens; but she said, after a minute:

"I think you'd better let me go with you to buy the drum."

Now of course a girl cannot be expected to have any opinion about drums that is worth anything, but if a person were bashful about going into a store, why, then, Bee was nice to have with him. She didn't mind asking to see everything in the store, and all the shop-people were always very polite to her indeed.

Billy Boy hesitated; you don't want to seem as if you needed a girl to keep you from being afraid.

"I am going to smash my pink-and-green codfish bank to buy a big doll for the fair, and Caddy Pence is going to show me how to dress it," Bee went on. "Now that Papa has got permission for you to buy your drum in a wholesale place, I suppose I may buy my doll there, too, and it will be so much cheaper that I shall dress her in pink satin instead of pink silk. Mama said I might buy the doll, and I'm sure she will let me go to-day with you. We will start the very minute that breakfast is over."

"Well, I'll take you if you want to go," said Billy Boy; and Billy Boy looked very much pleased as he followed Bee into the house.

Bee talked about the drum and the doll all breakfast time. That was just like a girl, Billy Boy thought. She might even have told about the dream if Billy Boy hadn't given her a great

pinch under the table. You sometimes had to do that with Bee.

Rob and Sydney, Billy Boy's brothers, gave him a great deal of advice about buying a drum; and Dorothy and Philena, Bee's sisters, began to tell her just what kind of a doll she ought to buy. But Papa Brown stopped them all. He said it would be a good thing, a very good thing indeed, for Billy Boy and Bee to learn to spend money and take responsibility all by themselves.

"Responsibility" is a long word, but then it means a great deal. So it is worth the while to learn it.

Billy Boy thought they would better go in the donkey-cart, but Bee told him that she was afraid it would not look grown-up enough for people who were going to do such important shopping.

Besides, "Carrots," the donkey, didn't like the Gobang electric cars. He stopped short and kicked with his hind legs when he saw one.

So they walked across the long covered bridge—half a mile long—and then took an electric car to the great wholesale toy-shop.

When they presented the note that their father had given them, a clerk was sent to show them about.

Before they had been shown a drum or a doll, Bee caught sight of two Italian men, each with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey.

Now, if there was anything that Bee Brown delighted in it was a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey. And one of these monkeys was the most fascinating little fellow that she ever had seen. When he saw her he took off his cap to her and made a funny little bow.

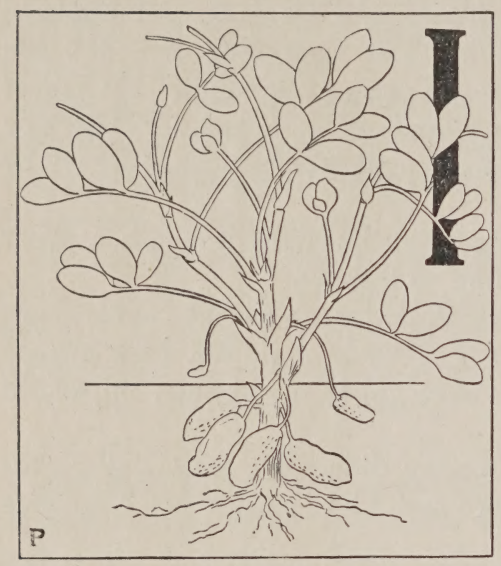
Bee stood looking back at him after Billy Boy had drawn her along towards the drums.

"I never saw anything in my life that I wanted so much as the monkey with the yellow cap and ear-rings!" she said to Billy Boy.

[*To be continued.*] *Sophie Swett.*

GOOBERS.

(Two Little Southern Girls and Their Garden-Plays.)



GOOBERS GROWING.

I THINK it was that time when our cousins came to visit, and we all played about the great open fire-place, with roses nodding in at the windows, from outside, that we had the most fun and the best time.

That day our nurses took the long brass-handled shovels and filled them with goobers dried in the sun after the "digging," and they shook those shovels over the red coals and parched the goobers deliciously. And the little cousin from Georgia said, "Aren't these peanuts good?"

And the little cousin from Tennessee said, "Yes, they are good. I always did like ground-peas!"

And then the little cousin from way up north, in Alabama, said, "Of course they are good, but why don't you call them pindars? they are pindars!"

And then the little Coast-Country cousin laughed and laughed and said, "Oh, you all are so funny, and these are so good, but *I* just call them goobers!"

And would you believe that all those little cousins began to laugh and make faces and almost quarrel, and that they ran up and down among the roses that were nodding in the warm autumn air, calling to each other in naughty tones:

"Georgia peanuts!"

"Ground-peas! Ground-peas!"

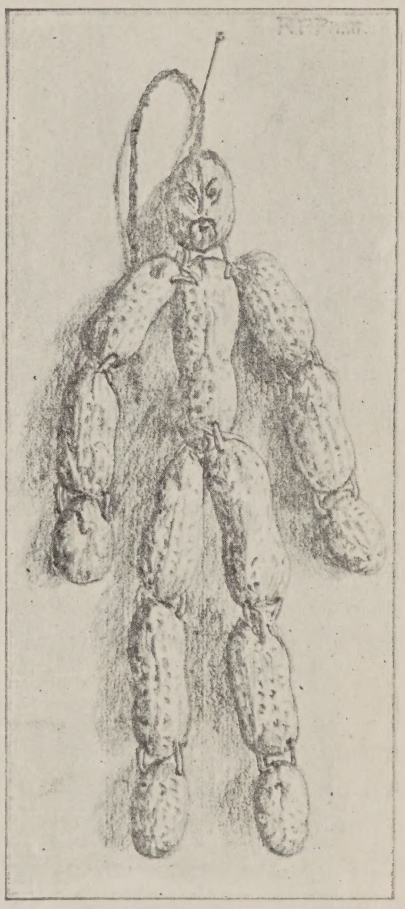
"Oh, they are pindars! pindars! pindars!"

While the little Coast-Country cousin just couldn't quarrel for

laughing, but kept singing "Goobers! goobers! Oh, goober-peas!"

And they made so great a noise, and a quarrel came so near, and all about nothing but fun, that aunts and grown-up cousins came to see what the matter was.

And one grown-up cousin said, "Now all are right, and all are wrong! They have all those names and one is as good as another, and I could tell you as many more names as these you know, and all as good; but, instead, you tell me which of you ever saw a Goober-man!"



THE WAY COUSIN MADE HIM.

And not one of them, nor my sister and I, had seen a Goober-man!

And Cousin said, "Bring me five one-toed goobers."

And six little girls ran and brought five goobers with one nut in each shell, and only one; that was what Cousin called a "one-toed goober."

Then Cousin said, "Bring me eight two-toed goobers."

And then six little girls ran and brought goobers with two nuts in each shell, and they weren't hard to find for most goobers are like that.

Then Cousin said, "Bring me now one goober with three toes."

And that was harder to find, for they do not so often grow that way; but we did find several, with three nuts in the shell and Cousin chose the finest and largest one brought to her.

Then Cousin took this one with three goobers in the shell for

A NICE LITTLE MANDARIN!

the body; and with needle and thread she sewed on it a one-toed one for a head, a funny, yellow, wrinkled head.

Then, twice, she strung two with two goobers in the shell together, for two arms; and added to each arm a one-goober shell for the hands; the same way she strung some for legs and feet —real round little Chinese feet; and she sewed the arms and legs to the body.

Then Cousin painted a little water-color face on the wrinkled, yellow goober, and plaited a little black silk queue, and fastened

it to the head. And then she made a little tight yellow silk cap, and then put the cap on the goober head.

Oh, how funny the little head looked!

Then she made blue silk trousers and a red silk blouse and put them on—and then let us see how the Goober-man looked.

A funny little Chinaman! A nice little mandarin!

And we children all laughed and laughed, and felt as if we could never come near quarreling any more, not ever!

And we all started making goober-men for dolls to play with.

And they were so funny!

Martha Young.

A GREAT FOOTBALL PLAYER.

"WHAT DOES SHE HOLD?"

GUESS!

WHAT does she hold in her dimpled hands —
This quaint little maiden fair,
With her Greenaway dress, and her broad-rimmed hat,
And her shower of golden hair?

"A bunch of sweet violets!" Bessie declares;
"Some candy!" says sugar-tooth Paul;
"Oh, I know!" shouts Kate, with a mischievous wink,
"She hasn't got nuffin at all!"

Now I'll whisper a secret, if you'll never tell:
She is not holding posies nor plums;
But, hidden away in her fat little fists,
Are two dear, little, dainty, pink thumbs!

Ellen Knight Bradford.

AND TRIPSY STOOD ALL READY FOR A SPRING.

HOW TRIPSY KEPT THANKSGIVING.

FRED had whittled out his little boat very well for a six-years-old boy. The masts were about the size of a large darning-needle, and he was sitting on the back doorsteps, trying to fasten some thread on them, for ropes.

Tripsy, Fred's little dog, with lots of hair and plenty of it falling over his eyes, stood just above, wagging his tail, watching his master's face, all ready for a spring upon him.

For such a playful little dog as Tripsy was! and such a loving one! he followed Fred everywhere, slept with him, waked him in the morning by tickling his nose—being in a hurry to begin the capering, the pillow-fights, and the scrambling under the bedclothes. And he was a bright little dog too! He could "sing," sit up and say his piece, and speak for his food, and he had even

been taught to speak out twice, quick and sharp, when he scratched on the door to be let in.

Fred had his boat set carefully, and was drawing his thread very carefully through a crack at the top of his mast. And Trip still stood waiting, his tail a-wagging, his body quivering, his mouth partly open. All at once Fred began whistling to himself very softly, hardly knowing that he did so. Instantly, Trip sprang upon him knocking the little boat to the ground.

"Be off! off with you!" cried Fred, at the same time dealing Trip a smart cuff. "See what you've done!"

The cuff hurled Trip from the step, and as if dodging from Fred's scolding voice and stamping feet, he leaped in full gallop down the garden-path and across the flower-beds.

At tea-time, Fred found no little dog under his chair. He went to the door and called, "Tripsy! Trip! Trip! Here Tripsy!" But no little dog came bounding in. He was still missing at bed-time. Fred had searched through the house, looked in every closet, in the barn, the garden. Then while daylight lasted he had stood crying at the window, listening all the time with a sick little heart for a scratch upon the door. He went to bed at last, crying.

"Oh, I know," said his big brother Ned, sorry for him, "he is up at Grandma's!" and started upon a run, for Grandma lived only half a mile away, and she had saved many a nice bone for Tripsy.

Fred, while sitting up in bed, keeping awake to hear the news, toppled over in a sound sleep, but he still sobbed in his dreams; and by daylight he was up and roaming about the house, looking into all the lonesome rooms—for Ned had found no Tripsy up at Grandpa's.

Nor could Tripsy be heard from down in the town—only somebody said somebody saw some boy throw a stone at a dog.

Fred tried, often, to tell his mother just how Trip ran away; but when he had told as far as the cuff, he would burst out with, "Oh, I hit him! I hit poor little Tripsy! Oh dear!"

All through that day, which was a rainy day, and for many days, Fred was going from window to window, peering out, and

often saying to himself, "Poor little doggy! Oh, I never would hurt him again! Oh, where *did* Tripsy go!"

Where Tripsy went was found out, for sure, Thanksgiving Day, by—well, by a collar—up at Grandpa's where had come numerous aunts, uncles small cousins and big ones; and among the big ones was Myra, called, always, "Cousin Smyle." At home, and when visiting any of the families, she insisted that the people should laugh, all together, once every day; for this,

IN RUSHED TRIPSY!

she said, would clear away all their bad feelings—if they had any. She usually took them just before, or after, a meal, and made them begin by looking as pleasant as they could; and of course trying so hard to look as pleasant as they could, would set them laughing.

Shortly before Thanksgiving Fred had been given another little dog, smooth, with brown spots and lovely brown eyes—a dear little dog, very bright, but—not Tripsy. At first he was called "Number Two;" but this soon changed to "Two-ey."

As the dinner company at Grandpa's were chatting just before

dessert, "Cousin Smyle" said, "Time to laugh! Now then! All rise! Those who can't look pleasant look pleasant as they can!"

Suddenly, as they were laughing, there came a smart scratch at the door and with it two quick snapping barks. Everybody listened. It was done again. Some one near the door turned the latch and, with one spring, in rushed Tripsy! He jumped upon Fred, quivering and acting as if he wished to get inside of his jacket, and Fred clasped his arms tight around him, laughing and crying both at once.

When anybody could speak, or move, Grandma pointed toward the lounge in the corner, and there, under it, flat upon the floor, with only his face and his two paws in sight, was poor Two-ey," his sad eyes fixed upon Trip.

And now I will tell you what was found out afterwards.

When poor, cuffed Tripsy rushed down the garden-path and over the flower-beds that day, he went through the fence and then swift along the sidewalk, farther and farther away. And then the stone thrown at him by "some boy" hurt him so badly that he crept off under some bushes, out of sight. A city gentleman with his wife and small boy had been staying at his wife's old home some distance from the village, by a beautiful lake, and on their way back to the depot had stopped to pick some blueberries. Hearing the faint whine of a dog they searched and after a while found Trip; and seeing that his leg was broken they took the things out of a big covered basket, placed him in that and took him by trains to their far-off city home, and had his leg properly set and cared for; and as he wore no collar, and seemed a poor, forsaken creature—though a nice dog—they kept him for their small boy, James.

When they passed through the place again that eventful Thursday to spend Thanksgiving at the old home by the lake. Trip was with little James, and must have noticed many objects he had seen before, for he grew uneasy, and at the turn of a road he sprang from the carriage as if shot out of a gun, and was beyond sight in a moment.

Finding no one in the house—so the neighbors said who saw him—he started "full tilt" for Grandpa's.

Tripsy came back wearing a handsome collar, on which was marked his city, street and number; and you may like to know that "Two-ey" was sent to the other boy, with a letter of thanks for kindness to Tripsy; and that during the following summer the other boy often came down from the lake to see Fred, and that Fred went there, and that the two small boys and the two small dogs had many a good time together.

Abby Morton Diaz.

DICK'S CONTRIBUTION TO THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING-DAY SUPPER.

Five little children, sitting in a row;
Five tiny tea-trays, white as any snow.

Five china bowls, too, filled with bread and milk;
Five pretty sponge-cakes, soft as yellow silk.

Five drowsy wee folk, pulling at their thumbs,
Heads going nid-nod, as the bed-time comes.

Five kisses given them, five the good-nights said;
Five sleepy-heads, all — carried off to bed!

Etheldred B. Barry.

WATCHES AND PICTURES.

LITTLE FOLKS has a perfect little gem of a watch for any young lady whether eight years old or forty. And there is one for every young lady who reads this page. A full size picture of this little beauty is given in the premium list. The watch is warranted for ten years. You would have to pay ten dollars for it if bought in the regular way. But LITTLE FOLKS will give it for thirteen subscribers. Is it not worth spending a few hours time to secure this small number of subscribers? Try it and see how quickly you can do it. If you don't obtain the whole thirteen you can still have the watch by sending a small cash payment in addition to the subscribers you secure. But you will easily get the required number. There are other nice things, for boys and girls, in the premium list. The very best of all are the fifty beautiful engravings to be had for one subscriber. LITTLE FOLKS will give you fifty different engravings for every new subscriber you send, even if you send fifteen or twenty. These engravings are interesting for every member of the family.

The publisher will send LITTLE FOLKS free to any boy or girl until they are ten years old, for securing ten new subscribers, no matter what your present age is. You can ask your mother to help you but you must not let her do all the work. The subscribers may be sent one at a time as secured, and will be placed to your credit. They must be actual subscribers—it will not do to have your father or uncle pay for the ten subscribers. This seems to the publisher a very liberal offer.

You have no idea how happy it makes the publisher when you send a list of the names of good people who ought to subscribe to LITTLE FOLKS,—no matter how few or how many. And you may get the prize—you will if you send the best list. The October number tells about the prizes.

LITTLE FOLKS wants a great many agents. If you cannot canvass for subscribers, the next best thing will be to send the name of someone who can. The cash commission is very liberal.

DAYTONA, FLA.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very, very much and my mother reads you over to me many times through the month. She conducts the Daytona Kindergarten and Primary School, and expects to use you in school, especially for the Primary children, and we hope to get new subscribers too. I have sent one new subscription already. My mother does not want me to learn to read till I am seven years old, but I begged so much to go in with the classes to the primary teacher last winter, if I *was only four* (I'm five now!) and asked so many words when we were alone, my mother and I, that I know quite a number of words, and I am going to be able to read you myself some day. I like the first canto of "Lady of the Lake" and can say some of it. I'm glad the deer got away but I wish the "gallant grey" had not been ridden to death. I like the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and enjoy hearing the story about Mr Tennyson in this month's magazine. I would not have liked to kiss him either if he used a pipe. I am not going to use one, *ever*.

Wm. M. Glenn.

RAPID CITY, S. D.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl six years old. Two years ago my aunt sent you to me for a Xmas present, and last year my papa sent for you again. I should miss you very much if you did not appear each month. We hope to have a book made of you some day. I have a pretty flower garden and pick bouquets for my friends nearly every day. We have a horse named Tom and I ride him often, and love him very much because he is so gentle. My mama reads the boys' and girls' letters, so I wanted to send one to you too.

Ruth M. Reeves.

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA.

Dear Little Folks:—Will you please put my picture in your magazine? [Yes.] Lots of little boys' and girls' pictures are published but you have never had one of me. I wish you could see Mack; he's my dog and is a fine fellow; he likes to be wherever we are and is so loving. He does some nice tricks too. I have a large new patrol-wagon. Eight children can get into it, and if we don't mind crowding one more can stand on the step. I am five years old, but I want to learn to read, so that I can read my *Little Folks* myself; my mother must do that for me now. I had a large party on my birthday. We were going to have it in a large tent in the yard, but it rained, and we had to stay in the house. We had a good time anyway.

Charles A. Bayler.

FAIRHOPE, ALA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl six years old. I do not go to school yet but Mama teaches me at home so that now I can read and write some. I have two little kittens, one mama-cat and one little canary bird. I brought my little bird down here from Chicago two years

Mothers!

Don't lay the foundation for deformity and suffering by allowing your children's tender little feet to be improperly shod. Proper shoes cost no more than others of haphazard make.

Here are a few—they may be ordered by mail, will be sent prepaid, and perfect satisfaction is assured.

INFANTS' hand turned soles, .75, $1.00, $1.25. Sizes 2½ to 6.
CHILD'S hand turned soles, wedge heels, $1.25, $1.50. Widths A to D.
CHILD'S welt soles. Button, Pat. Leather Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $2.00. Sizes 7 to 10½.
MISSES' Button, Pat. Leather Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $2.50. Sizes 11 to 2.
LARGE GIRLS' welt soles, spring heels, Button, Pat. Lea. Tips; Lace, Kid Tips, $3.00. Sizes 2½ to 5.
Good, plump uppers and soles, roomy toes, but stylish and durable.

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The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine, Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of **E. FOUGERA & CO., 30 NORTH WILLIAMS ST., N. Y.**

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Beware of Imitations. ∴ For a full size cut see Little Folks of Sept. 2. Several times as large as this cut—on paper 5 1-2 by 8 inches. ∴ ... ∴

BABY STUART.

Set 16.

The Three Fates, Sistine Madonna, Madonna of the Chair, Aurora, Beatrice Cenci, Dance of the Nymphs, Kittens, Shepherdess Knitting, Feeding her Birds, The Horse Fair, Ploughing, Song of the Lark, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, A Helping Hand, Escaped Cow, At the Watering Trough, The Shepherdess, Children of Charles I, Christ and the Doctors, The Christ, Angel Heads, The Golden Stair, Charity, Hosea, Angel.

Set 17.

The Last Supper, Madonna of the Chair, St. Peter in Prison, The Sower, Madonna and Child, By the River, Arrival of the Shepherds, Baby Stuart, Queen Louise, Head of Christ, Christ and the Rich Young Man, Christ Blessing Little Children, Supper at Emmaus, Infant Samuel, On the way to Emmaus, Chorister Boys, Christmas Chimes, Prophets Amos Panel, Christ and the Fishermen, John Andrea del Sarto, Jesus' First View of Jerusalem, Christ in Gethsemane, Worship of the Wise Men, Jesus and the Woman of Samaria, The Good Shepherd.

Set 18.

The Bridal Procession, Christ Entering Jerusalem, Inquietude, Divine Shepherd, Laying Down the Law, The Consoling Christ, John Alden and Priscilla, Weaning the Calves, Countess Potocka, The Angelus, The Mill, Dignity and Impudence, In Autumn, The Gleaners, Harvest Time, School in Brittany, Sheepfold, Madonna of the Harpies, Mater Dolorosa, Restless Sea, Listening to the Fairies, Midnight Sun, Notre Dame, Milan Cathedral, Tower of London.

Set. 19.

Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thoreau, Lowell, Alice Cary, Phoebe Cary, Helen Hunt Jackson, Louisa M. Alcott, Celia Thaxter, Eugene Field, Burns, Scott, Byron, Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, Ruskin.

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ago. My grandma sent for you for three months, and I enjoy you so much that I wanted to send for you with my own money and Mama said I could if I so wished it. I liked the story of "Tartar" best, "The Sea Captain's Children," and "Roggie and Reggie Stories." I wish all little girls and boys could read them.

Daphne I. Brown.

DULUTH, MINN.

Dear Little Folks:—I enjoy the letters in the Letter Bag so much that I am going to write one myself. I read the stories to my two little sisters, Emily Columbia and Grace Darling. The stories we like best are "Tartar" and "The Sea Captain's Children." I live in Chester Terrace which is very near Chester Creek, and there is a large rock covered with moss where we go to gather blue-bells. We have fun skating on the creek in winter. Every summer Mama takes us to our home on the south shore called "The Breakers." There is a large river that runs by our house, and I often put my dolls in the boat and take them for a ride. When I cannot have the boat, I put my dolls in their own boat and let them sail around but I always hold onto the string. I hope you had a glorious Fourth. *Ansell C. Smith.*

OAKLAND, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl seven and a half years old. I have two brothers and one sister but I am the littlest one of the family. I have a little kitty named Niobe; my sister named it that because it cries so much; I call it "Noby" for short. My brother and I both have gardens, mine is the littlest. My brother has a peach-tree in his—I wish I had one too. I can't write well enough to write this, but I told my sister what to say and she wrote it. I am going to sign it, though.

Dorothy Bassett.

P. S. I had my hair cut short once but now it has all grown out. *D. B.*

UHRICHSVILLE, O.

Dear Little Folks:—We went to the Infirmary the other Sunday. I started to school last summer, and now I am in the third grade. My papa had a buggy and horse and he sold it, but we had lots of good rides first. The horse's name was "Roxy." I have three sisters, Alice, Olive and Ruth. We went on an excursion to Silver Lake, and had a nice time. We took a ride on the boat, and the merry-go-round.

My first teacher's name was Mrs. Dempster. I liked her very much. My teacher's name this year is Miss Akers. She is a good teacher too. I am seven years old. My sister Alice helped me write this letter. *Helen Leech.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Stories written by Children.

I.—THE FAIRY LION.

BY BEULAH SANFORD (*8 years old*) REDDING RIDGE, CONN.

Annie Crew was a poor little girl. Her father was a wood cutter. Her mother died when poor little Annie was two years old, and now her father was dying—and where would she go? She knew nobody who would take care of her. Her father had told her to go to Aunt Betty who lived in Scotland—but how was she to go?

It came summer. All the food Annie had was what the people gave her.

One day she was out looking for berries, when she saw a lion a great way off, coming towards her. She was very much afraid, but the lion cried out, "Don't be afraid, little girl! I am a little Fairy but a wicked witch turned me into a lion!" If you cut off my two back legs and put the blood in a pan and cook it until it is quite hard, then rub it all over my body, I will turn back to a Fairy.

Annie did so, and it happened as the Lion said.

As soon as the Lion had turned back into a Fairy, the Fairy said, "You will have the Wishing-Gift for your kindness!"

Annie wished for a great many things, and she had them all, and lived happy, doing good all the rest of her life.

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SAWYER'S Crystal BLUE...

gives a beautiful tint to linens, laces, and goods that are worn and faded.

Be sure that you get

SAWYER'S

40 YEARS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl six years old and I live in Philadelphia. I like you very much. I think "What did the Black Cat do? Guess!" was the nicest story! I have two cats, one big white one named "Feathers," and a maltese named "Topsy." We go out in the country every summer where there are lots of cows, pigs, and horses. We ride a good deal in a carriage, and I can ride a wheel. One summer I went with my Mama and Auntie to Lake George, and last Fall Papa and Mama took me "out West." I have twenty dolls; my last one is a big doll with real hair named "Mary." I enjoy the letters so much in the Letter Bag and hope this will be put in.

Katharine Abbott Warrington.

MADISON, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:— I am five years old. I do not go to school, but Mama is teaching me to read. I am in a great hurry to learn to read my "*Little Folks*." I like the "Reggie and Roggie" stories. My dear Auntie Hame, who lives in Missouri, sent you to us for Christmas. I want to tell you about my sister Gladys' birthday party. She was four years old the first day of March. Gladys and I carried the invitations around in a fancy basket. There were fourteen children invited and they all came. After supper we had our pictures taken. (I can't write very well, so Mama is writing this for me.) I wish you came every week instead of every month.

Ruth Elizabeth Gifford.

SALTER'S POINT, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I enjoy your Letter Bag so much that I thought I would write a letter to put in it for *you* to enjoy. I live in Vermont in winter, but when summer comes we come to the seashore. We have all some work to do. *My* work is to sweep off the piazza. I have many little friends in Vermont that I am sorry to leave. We have a black cat named Niggar. We cannot bring him with us to the seashore, so he stays with a kind lady till we get back. The last day I was home he seemed to know we were going away and he rubbed around our legs and acted as if he was going to be with us as long as he could. I take music lessons and have taken them for about a year; but when I am away I forget a great deal. I like the story of "The Sea Captain's Children" and I suppose it was put in the place of "Billy Boy Brown." I like to read very much and am so glad there is a *Little Folks* book published. I know every little girl about my age would be very glad to read it. I hope many little ones will take you.

Helen Edith Hartness.

RUTLEDGE, MO.

Dear Little Folks:—As I see no letter from Missouri thought I would write one.

I am eight years old and live in the country, and this summer I picked blackberries and sold them to Mama for a dollar. My brother helped me some. I took the dollar and sent for *Little Folks*. I have received two numbers and I like them so much! I am going to get some subscribers and get some of the books I see in the list of titles. I am going to school next week. I go a mile and a half. But I have a beautiful bay horse that I ride. She is older than I am. Her name is "Sallie Gold-dust." She does not like to go over bridges and sometimes I have to make her mind me. Papa

DON'T FORGET

that there are more Hearty, Healthy men and women in this country that were raised on

ARTHUR CAREY CARNEY,
of Branford.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT PREPARED FOOD

than on any other prepared food and as "The Child of to day is the Man of tomorrow" so The strength of the nation depends on the health and strength of its men and women

A PROMISING U. S. V.

CAPTAIN
GEORGE HARRY CAMPBELL

El Paso, Ill., Aug. 20, '98

Gentlemen: I just wish to show you what the IMPERIAL GRANUM has done for our little one. He was eleven months old when this picture was taken, and *has never used any other food.* Very truly,

H. G. CAMPBELL

A CHARMING LETTER FROM A GRATEFUL CHILD

To the IMPERIAL GRANUM CO.,

Dear Sirs: I am a twin boy. I was a healthy enough child when I was born, but my mother was so ill she could not give us the proper care and nourishment. The doctors and nurse tried many things in the way of food but nothing seemed to agree with us, so after six weeks my brother died, and at that time I was so weak and thin that I could not live much longer. Then a friend of my father's told him to try IMPERIAL GRANUM, which he did, and at once it agreed with me and began to build me up, and I am now a hale and hearty boy, though I still find great comfort in my broth of IMPERIAL GRANUM.

WILLIE H. F., Philadelphia, Pa.

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said she was all my own, and I could keep her as long as she lives. She loves me and I love her, we are such good friends and always shall be. If you would like I will tell you more about my life some other time. [Yes, Bernice.]

Bernice Crump.

WAYNE, NEB.

Dear Little Folks:—I am at the lakes this summer and I have a new subscriber for our dear little magazine. Here is a dollar-bill in this letter and her address. She is a dear sweet little girl and has no mama so my mama reads your stories to us both. I will be sorry to leave her when we go home. I thought "Old Tartar" was the bestest story I ever heard. I have a little jersey calf, but I hope she won't be like Tartar. My little brother Leon likes "The little white dog." I caught lots of perch in this lake. It's lots of fun when they bite fast.

Frederick Rialto Philleo.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Dear Little Folks:—I am six years old. This summer I went away to Lancaster. My uncle and aunt and cousins live there. Every morning we used to pick up apples. They have a "crows' nest." It is in a great apple-tree; you had to go up a flight of stairs, and then you got to a room—eight or ten people can get in it. It has a bench all around and a branch of a tree makes a railing, and two branches of the apple-tree grow up through it. They have two swings, a see-saw, and a tent with camp stools, rugs and a table. There we kept our guns and pistols to play soldiers with. I liked the see-saw best of anything. I like "The Stories of Betsey" and "The Sea-captain's Children" the best. I hope there will be some more about Betsey. Of course I like all the stories. I hope it will be my turn soon to have my letter in the Letter Bag.

William Sener Rusk.

PASADENA, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—Grandpa sends you to my sister and me, and we do love you very much. We like the "Roggie and Reggie Stories" best, but there we like them all. My mama thinks you are the nicest magazine for children she has seen. I am seven and have been to school since March. I take my dinners, as I walk nearly a mile. I have a fine coach dog whose name is Jo. My sister Mignonette is four and a half. Every one loves her, as she is always happy. I want you to print her picture. Our brother is a year old on the 4th of July. We went to the beach last week and he wanted to follow us into the water. I came to California from Illinois when a baby. Mama says there is no place as pleasant as this; she has lived near Boston, and is going to take us there some time. My grandpa is traveling in Japan for a while, but his home is here. He writes me the funny things the Japanese people do and it makes us laugh.

Marguerite Isis Dunn.

LEADVILLE, COL.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy 8 yrs. old. I like you so much Mama subscribed for you for my little sister Lillian, and I read the stories to her. I like "Roggie and Reggie" and "How Jock saved Betsey" best. She likes "Where was the Little White Dog" story. I used to live in Seattle, but now we live in the mountains near the mines. I have a little tunnel started near Papa's; it is in about 3 feet. I may get good ore.

Lionel and Lillian Babcock.

CORDELIA, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much and I am going to tell you about the time we had when we had our pictures taken. We, that is, Mama, Eliza, Pittman, and I, got my doll Phyllis ready first. Mama dressed her in my brother's white baby-dress, and laid her in a long box. Then my dog "Tidy" was given a bath, and when he was dry, Mama tied a red ribbon around his neck.; he is just as old as I am, ten years. And then "Prissy" our kittie, had her necktie put on. Then *we* got ready. I rode with a friend until we came to a house, where he was to visit, then I got in Mama's buggy.

"Tidy" was tied in front, Prissy was in a bag, and tied tight. The box with Phylis and our two little rocking chairs were in; and there was Mama, and Eliza, and Pittman. And when I was in, our buggy was almost full to the top.

We went gaily along for six miles, till we came to the place where our pictures were to be taken. Mama thought "Tidy" would behave nicely, but when he was untied, he ran up and down the streets. And when Eliza took "Prissy" out of the bag she got away, and Eliza and another little girl caught her in a lady's woodshed.

The photographer laughed when he saw such a crowd for a picture. In one picture, I sat in my little chair, and Pittman sat in his little chair, holding the cat; and Tidy was in the middle, and the doll sat on a stool by the trees.

In another picture, Pittman had his overalls on, and papa's smoked glasses on; his apple-pie book was on the ground.

We all like *Little Folks* and we're sorry to say good-bye to the "What Did the Black Cat Do?" and "Donald's Good Hen."

May Martin.

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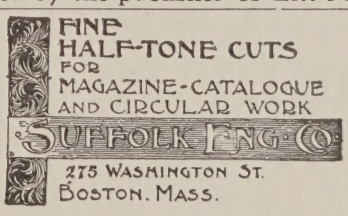

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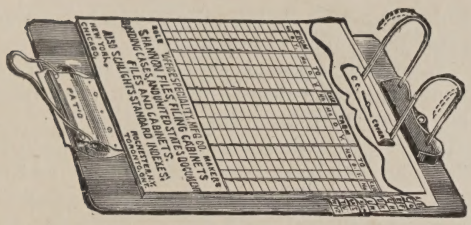

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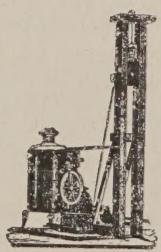

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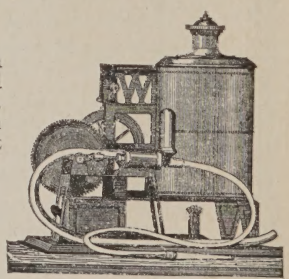

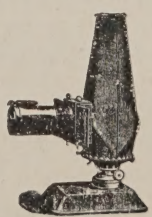

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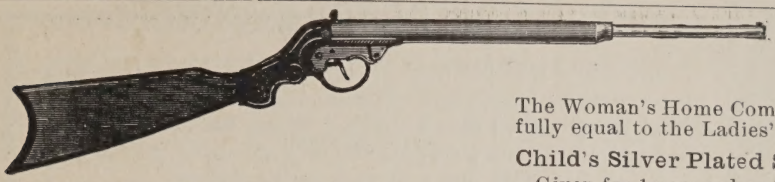

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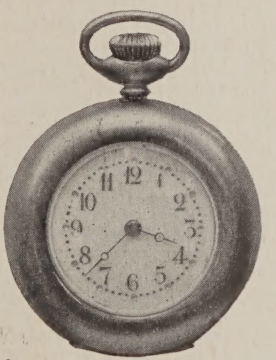

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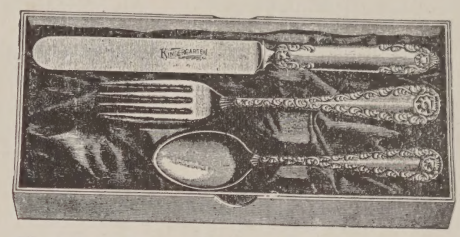

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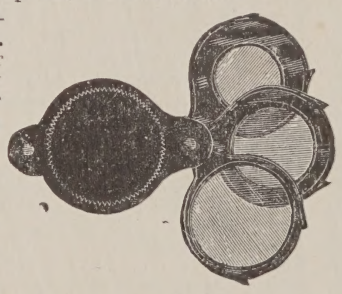

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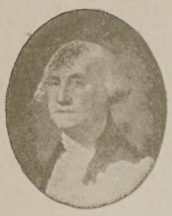

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One collection of fifty engravings will be given any subscriber who secures one new subscription to LITTLE FOLKS at one dollar. The second portfolio will be given for the second new subscriber secured.

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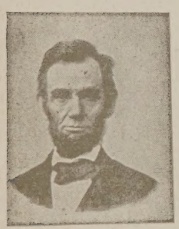

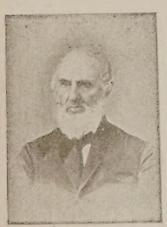

For full sized sample of engraving see fourth page of cover.

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